August 3, 1845

It was a hot and humid day yesterday and everyone was dying for thirst, especially my daughter Jen. Jen is nine years old and gets thirsty easily. She has to drink two cups of water a day. The parents of other children get frustrated because their children barely have enough water to survive. Today is going to be a long day. We have to trail eight miles and we’re low on water. The sun was terrible; it felt like you’re suffocating. There were no clouds for shade and my daughter Jen needs it so she won’t become thirsty so easily. We have gone only one mile and John and Tommy have already fainted. I was very surprised how Jen had not yet fainted; God was on her side today.

For some apparent reason the sun had died down and wasn’t beating down on us and when a slight wind brushed my cheek I suddenly realized that we found a pond. It felt like Christmas morning and everyone jumped in the water even Grandpa Frank. It was the fastest I have ever seen him run. It was great! Everyone felt great even Tommy and John but Jen didn’t look happy. I ran over to her and asked what was wrong and she said that Stewart died. Now Stewart wasn’t just any ordinary dog. It was Jen’s best friend they did everything together Jen was devastated I had never seen her so sad. I didn’t know what to say and Jen didn’t either. After we filled up the buckets with water and everyone was refreshed we continued our journey. We continued for another six miles non-stop and everyone felt great besides Jen. She was still upset and wouldn’t talk to anyone. We went on for another mile and we reached our destination which was Bent’s Old Fort. Today ended up being a good day besides the fact that Stewart died. Everything turned out well. We have a lot longer to go but this was a good start.

By: John Porter